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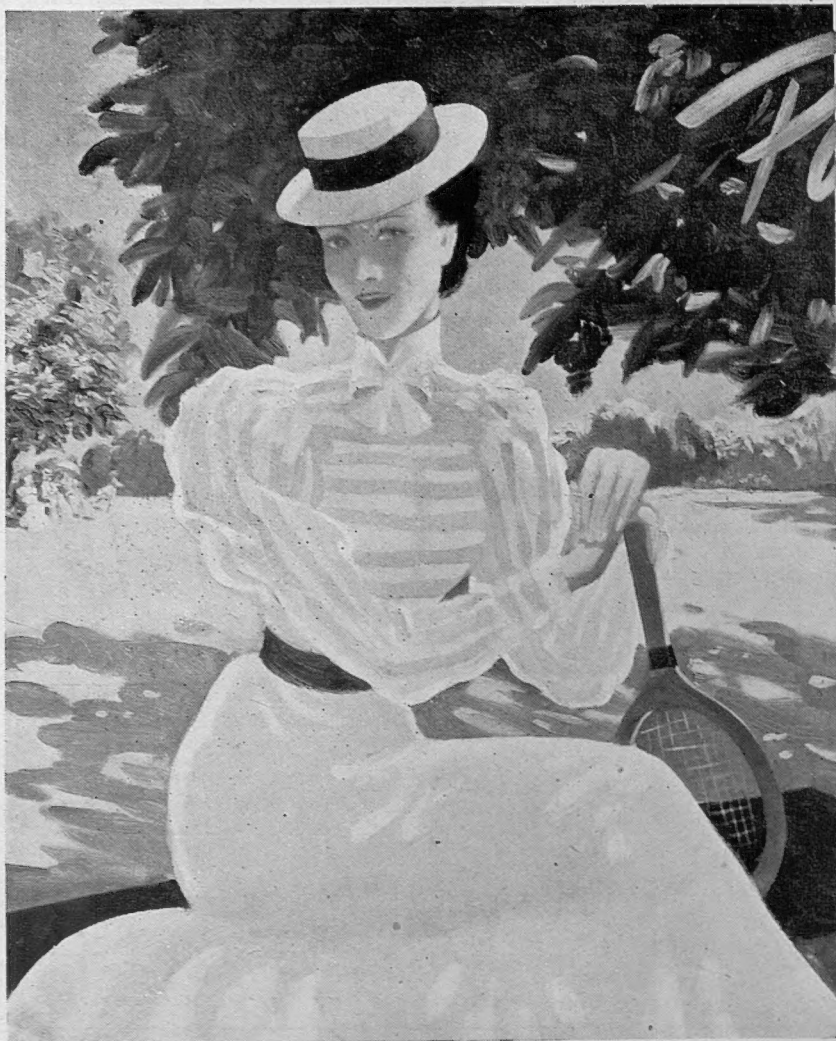
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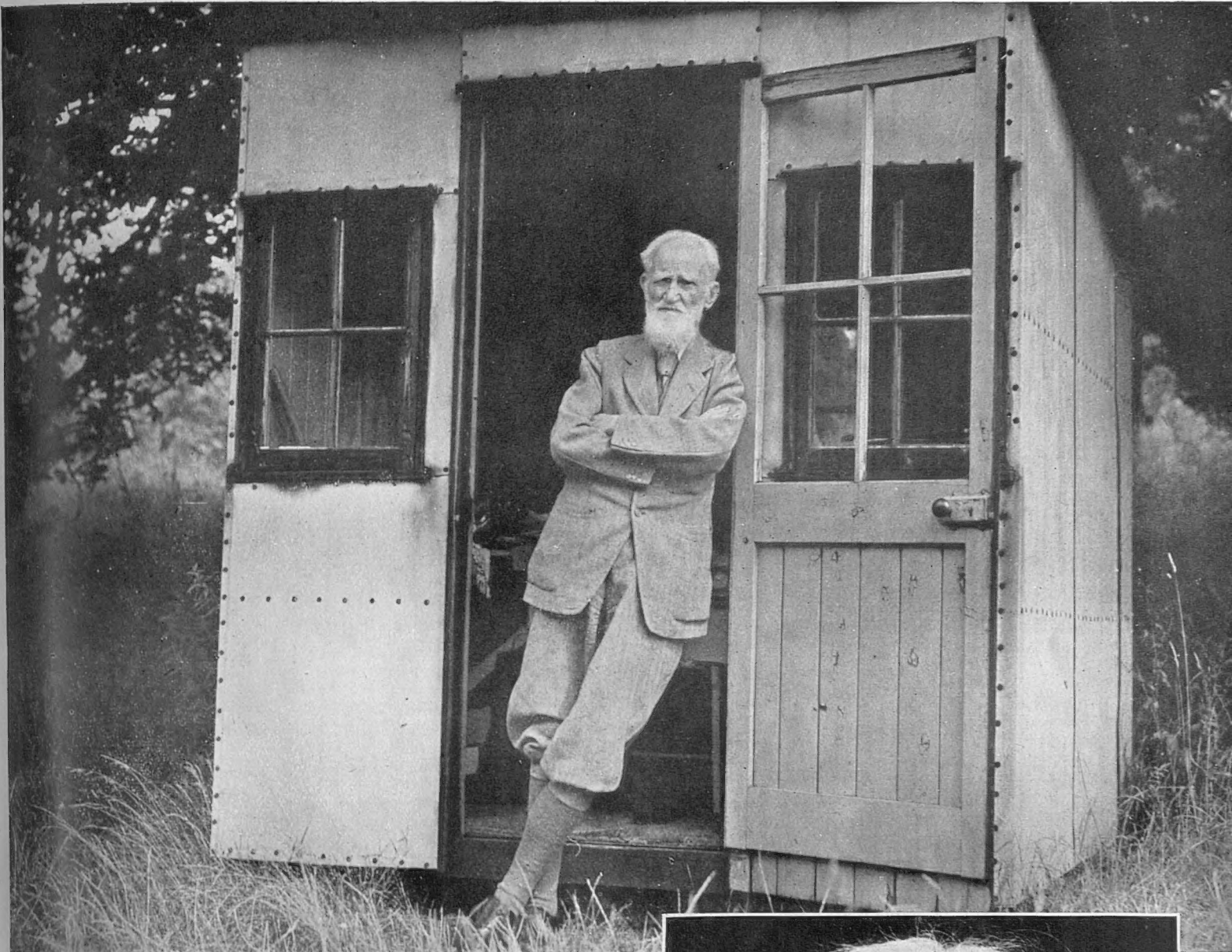
THE TATLER

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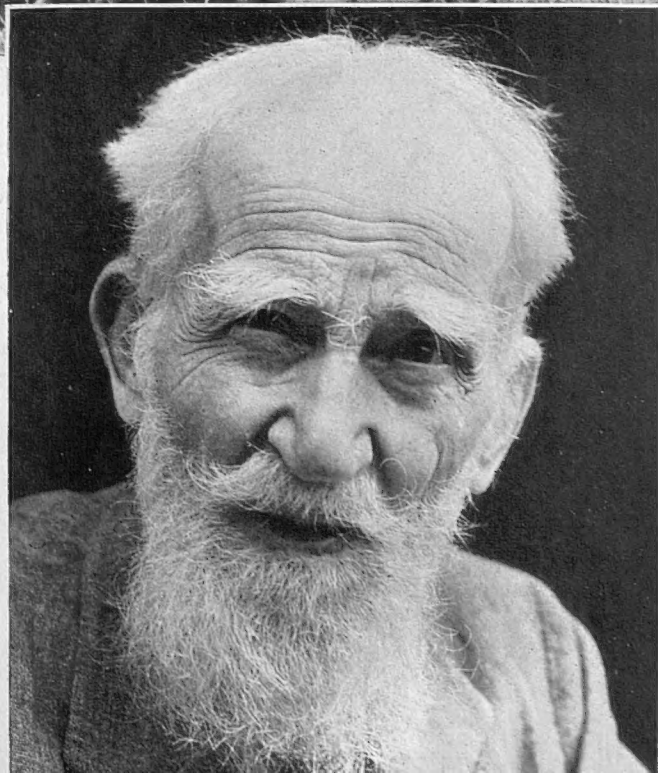


“I Won’t Be Reminded—”

Says Bernard Shaw

Born 1856—Still Going Strong

Refusing to recognize a birthday as an event of any importance, Mr. George Bernard Shaw spent his eighty-eighth—ignoring it—at his home in Hertfordshire. G.B.S. never celebrates, regarding those who wish to congratulate him in the light of nuisances and as “people whose sole desire is to prevent me getting on with important work.” Though, according to the great man himself, he is in his second childhood, he remains remarkably active in both mind and body, and finds that he has now more work to do than ever. His new book, *Everybody’s Political What’s What*, is to be published soon, while the filming in Technicolor of his famous play, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, is taking place under the direction of Gabriel Pascal, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh in the name parts. Mr. Shaw says it is possible that at the age of ninety, following the example of Sophocles, he may write another play. Here’s hoping





WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Inevitability

WHAT will it profit Hitler if he quells every movement of opposition within Germany itself and continues to lose battle after battle outside Germany? The time must come when he will have to admit defeat and have to accept the course which it is now quite obvious that the generals whom he pretends to despise have been advising him to take for some months past. We must now look to the battlefields in the east, west and south for the answer to Hitler's present dilemma. He's like a man who has won the first round against his mortal enemy, but doesn't know, because it is not possible, how he's going to win the last. His temporary victory over the people of Germany is no solution of the problems which confront him, and the fate which must inevitably overtake him. This victory which has revealed all that is really weak in the Nazi set-up is but a fresh incentive to the Allies to end the war this year.

Desperation

HITLER's attitude after the attempt on his life is typical of the man. He does not give in without a fight. He will now struggle desperately to save himself, and we can be certain that he will stop at nothing. Decree will follow decree in Germany, as if it were really possible for him to hold more completely than he has done for so long the balance between life and death. We shall see him striving madly to smash the Allies as they slowly but surely advance on Germany. It would not surprise me if Hitler really believes that he can fire rockets against New York, and that in this way he may yet turn the war in his favour. He will try anything and everything,

because at the bottom of his heart Hitler believes that he cannot go wrong. Destiny will take care of him and assure him of final success!

Fate

THE sudden revolt which flared up in Germany did not come as a surprise to me, as readers of my last two articles in this page will have realized. I have expected something of this kind for some time. It has always been my opinion that the greatest threat to Hitler's iron rule lay among his near-collaborators and not at any time from the people of Germany themselves. They have always been, and will continue to be, powerless. Somebody very near to Hitler will eventually dethrone him, in the same way as the Kaiser was sent into exile. There may be a difference in Hitler's case, for he is a desperate-thinking man and dramatic situations appeal to him. The fact that the latest attempt on his life was unsuccessful has caused plenty of disappointment, but probably it is as well that it did not succeed. Had Hitler been assassinated it might have become a hero's death for him. Hitler must die by his own hand, be captured by the Allies, or he must be compelled to admit his failure by slinking away with his ill-gotten wealth to some sanctuary abroad, if he can find one.

Convulsions

I REGARD the whole affair as the first of a series of convulsions which will shake Germany until she collapses and Hitler is finished. These convulsions will strike Germany like strokes, and each one will be more weakening than its predecessor. It would not surprise me if these convulsive strokes do not follow



Smiling Generals

Cheerfully discussing what they saw during a tour of inspection of the U.S. progress in France, were Gen. Henry A. Arnold, Commanding General U.S.A.A.F., and Lt.-Gen. Omar Bradley, Commanding General U.S. Ground Forces

each other fairly quickly. Undoubtedly the war is now moving at increased speed, and the pace cannot slacken on the East Front where the Russians have gained a momentum which is truly remarkable. All the blows which have been planned have not yet fallen in the west or the south, and these in their turn must have a devastating effect on a regime and a country which has been compelled to expose its inner weaknesses. I cannot see German soldiers and German civilians continuing to brace themselves for further efforts for the Nazis when the generals whom they have always been taught to trust assert by words and actions that all is lost.



Decoration for Pathfinder Chief

M. Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador, presented the Order of Alexander Nevsky to Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, A.O.C. Pathfinder Force, at the Soviet Embassy. Air Vice-Marshal Bennett, a brilliant navigator, at thirty-three is the youngest man of his rank in the R.A.F.



Soviet Officers Visit Normandy Front

A group of Soviet officers visited the Normandy beach-head a short time ago, touring the Allied front and visiting front-line airfields. Their leader, Maj.-Gen. Scharapov, is seen here with Maj.-Gen. Ralph Royce, Deputy Commander of the U.S. Ninth Air Force

Quarrels

GERMAN mentality is difficult to assess. It is now fairly clear that Hitler—and this must have been the cause of many quarrels and the eventual revolt of the generals—suddenly abandoned the building of aeroplanes in favour of flying bombs and rockets, and we know not what other secret weapons. It is equally clear that at some point he decided to relax his resistance on the Russian Front in order to attempt a major defeat on the Anglo-American forces when they invaded in the west. Here was a gamble which the generals must have disliked, and they were proved right when the Germans failed to prevent the landing in Normandy and the massing of large Allied forces there. The success of the Allies has enabled the Russians to overwhelm the German defences in the east, and to present Hitler with an insoluble problem. There is little doubt that he and Himmler gambled on defeating the Allies' first attempt to invade the Continent, and then negotiating a peace with the Russians. It is believed that Himmler has always been in favour of attempting a negotiated peace with Russia, and that he actually made overtures to this end last year as well as in the early months of this year. He is supposed to have used the Japanese for the purpose of contacting the Russians, and when he was not



The Prime Minister Congratulates a Top Scorer

During his recent three-day tour of the liberated area in Normandy, Mr. Churchill visited R.A.F. airfields, congratulating the pilots on their achievements. Above, he shakes hands with W/Cdr. Johnny Johnson, D.S.O. and two bars, D.F.C. and bar, who has brought down thirty-five enemy aircraft and now commands a Canadian Spitfire squadron



Bassano

The Maharaja of Kashmir

Maj.-Gen. the Maharaja of Kashmir, who has done so much to further India's war effort, came to England in April as one of India's two representatives at the War Cabinet. His last visit was in 1937

ignored he got a complete and irrevocable negative. The Russians have suffered too much to have any dealings with the Germans, and they are not likely to make any mistakes which can make it possible for Germany to rise again to menace them. As the Russians advance towards Germany I can foresee a reign of panic which not even the dreaded Himmler with all his power can quell.

Blunders

THE Nazis are now faced with the fruits of a series of blunders. Everything will be done to rally the people of Germany to their greatest resistance, but in my view the will to believe in Hitler, which has continued against all stresses in the past, is now irretrievably weakened. The fact that Hitler had to broadcast in the middle of the night and admit that men of the rank of generals had tried to kill him must have made a deep impression on the German mind. It might have brought a flood of temporary

sympathy for Hitler, but nothing more. His broadcast was an admission of weakness in a person and a regime which the German people have been taught to believe were both supremely strong. The generals would not have revolted if they had thought that Germany could win the war and produce peace. Nor would generals be surrendering one after the other in Russia if there was a chance. German generals do not surrender, but what they are doing in Russia must be unhappy news, for it cannot be hidden from the people for long.

Method

GENERAL MONTGOMERY is a man of method. Each battle he fights is more or less of the same pattern. He believes in advancing confidently but cautiously and certainly not spectacularly. There is no sudden dash; everything is done according to a plan which is devised to make success as certain as it possibly can be. The recent pause in the Normandy offensive caused some criticism among the arm-chair experts, and the visit to Normandy of Mr. Churchill produced plenty of additional comment. All of it appears to have been very wide of the mark, and none of the criticism seems to have taken into account the adverse weather conditions. Nor the fact that the Germans are fighting fanatically, according to Hitler's original plan. In my opinion General Montgomery's tactics in Normandy will soon begin to pay a handsome dividend, with results which will be most heartening. If Paris is one of his early objectives, it should not be very long before he is there. Most Frenchmen in London believe that the Germans will fight hard to retain Paris, and that when they do leave they will destroy as much of the city as they can. The argument that they failed to destroy Rome does not carry any weight in this case. Even the Nazis had to remember the religious sentiments of the German Catholics, and for that reason Rome was saved. But they are not likely to have the same thought for Paris. Much depends, however, on General Mont-

gomery's strategy and the punishment he is able to inflict on the Germans in between Caen and the capital. It has been made abundantly clear that destruction of the Germans in battle is much more important to his strategy than the capture of territory.

Surprise

THE visit of the King to the Italian front came as a pleasant surprise to the Allied soldiers. It was a tribute to the brilliance of the campaign they have fought, and also another indication of the determination of the King to be as near to the battlefield as he can possibly get.



Director of World Health

Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, World Director of Health for U.N.R.R.A., has arrived here for a stay of several months. For nine years he has been Director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

"He Shall Have Music . . ."

By James Agate

MANY things in life are problematical, others are subject to change and decay. But there are things on which one can rely, and one of these is that in whatever film Bing Crosby appears there will be music. In whatever part he appears he will sing. And as he is too unselfish to want to sing all by himself, some of the other players will sing too. In his latest film, *Going My Way*—which is the name of a song—at the Carlton, Bing is a Roman Catholic priest who sings throughout a picture lasting over two hours. The music he sings may not be to every Roman Catholic's taste; two of his songs are entitled: "Would You Like To Swing On A Star?" and "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish Lullaby." With astonishing restraint he doesn't sing these ditties during the church-service, but he has a music-room adjacent to the church where he rehearses with Jean Heather, another singer, and organizes a choir of singing dead-end kids who finally achieve the crowning triumph of singing a diatonic chord in perfect harmony.

NOR is this all. We are introduced to a real live opera singer, a leading mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, one Rise Stevens, thinly disguised in the film as Jenny Linden. She sings "Going My Way"—of which the less heard the better—and is actually seen on the operatic stage singing the Habanera from *Carmen*, and moving up-stage after the first verse with the entire chorus following her, rather in the manner of a group of sightseers traipsing after a verger at the Abbey. And she gives us Schubert's "Ave Maria"—erroneously

ascribed to Gounod in the synopsis—beautifully accompanied on a ground bass by the dead-end kids, now completely reformed and devoting their entire lives to song. Oh, and I mustn't forget Frank McHugh. This is another Catholic priest who sings to Bing on the telephone and to whom Bing dutifully sings back.

PERSONALLY I wouldn't mind all this singing if the music had a little more variety. But all the songs of Bing and his friends are permeated with that typical Crosby cross-bred type of melody which on the one hand ogles the old sentimental ballad and on the other flirts outrageously with the new sentimental jazz. To listen to a number of these songs in succession is, to me, like hearing a dozen nocturnes by Field or twelve of Bach's fugues played one after another.

WELL, you ask no doubt, do they *all* sing in this film? No, there are at least two brilliant exceptions. One is that fine Irish actor Barry Fitzgerald who, as the old priest whose New York church is mortgaged, saved, burnt down and then rebuilt, is as ever a study to watch and a joy to listen to. I particularly admired the palsied eld of his make-up, and it was rather a shock when at the end an aged dame who might have been taken for his sister, turned out to be his mother, and who, for no apparent reason, had decided to visit her son after a separation of forty-five years! The other notable abstainer from singing is our old friend Gene Lockhart as somebody's father, the man who holds the mortgage of the church, which of course he gives back to

Fitzgerald. In point of fact he is father to a young man who is married to the singer, Jean Heather, and whom we expected any moment to imitate his wife and burst into song; instead of which he just disappears into an inner room and emerges resplendent in the uniform of an American officer. Which shows us that this was a contemporary film. Whereat we were mightily pleased, having been nervous lest for once the war might be left out.

YOU notice, I suppose, that I haven't said anything about the plot. Well, there isn't any. And no rational person, having undergone all those songs, all that instrumental playing, and all that choir-practice, is going to want a plot thrust upon him into the bargain.

I DON'T remember to have seen the name of Oscar Wilde in connection with a film. But *The Canterville Ghost* (Empire) claims to be founded on a tale by him. I haven't read this tale for a great many years, but I suspect I saw precious little of it the other afternoon, and I am practically certain that no American soldiers serving in the present war take any part in O.W.'s story written in the 'nineties. What that fastidious craftsman would have said had he lived to see such names as Cuffy Williams and Bugsy McDougale numbered among his creations it is difficult to think. Nor, I believe, would he have allowed a nobleman in 1634 to say: "It is like being at the theatre; one waits for the curtain to fall." Oscar knew damned well that at that time there was no curtain to fall. Nor would that expert on social etiquette have allowed a lady to say: "I am the Honourable Mrs. So-and-So." What I do ascribe to Wilde is the one witty line in the film, the line in which someone says: "The English and the Americans have everything in common, except, of course, the language." The film proved even this to be wrong, since both English and American players agree, it would seem, in pronouncing "awe-inspiring" "or-inspiring."

WILDE or no Wilde, this film is the most awful nonsense imaginable, all about some curse put upon one Sir Simon de Canterville



"Journey Together" in the making. This is the R.A.F. Film Unit's picture telling the story of the Flying Training Command, which is now being made at Pinewood Studios, with Edward G. Robinson playing a small part—an unpaid but welcome visitor. He is seen (left) with the director, John Boulting, and again in a big group of players and technicians including Bessie Love and her ukelele, her daughter, Patricia Hawkes, Richard Attenborough and Jack Watling



Charles Laughton as a Ghost. A substantial spook, of course, but a cowardly one, doomed to haunt his ancestral home (occupied by American soldiers) till one of his descendants performs a brave deed. Robert Young and Margaret O'Brien (left) combine to restore the family honour and the ghost to where he belongs. "*The Canterville Ghost*" (Empire) traces its ancestry to a story by Oscar Wilde

in the reign of Charles I for cowardice, and how his ghost has to make a nuisance of himself for three hundred years until Robert Young as an American soldier—who in the most amazing and completely unconvincing way turns out to be his nephew some fifty times removed—performs some wonderful trick with a tank and a bomb which washes away Sir Simon's stigma and allows him to die in peace. Sir Simon and his unhappy ghost

are played by Charles Laughton, thereby adding one more part to that later film-repertoire in which this actor is so wonderfully unsuited. I have said before, and I say it again. I wish Charles, who can be a magnificent player when the part suits him, would go back to his scamps and thugs. As an elderly Puck I cannot abide him. I close my eyes, and say to my neighbour, like W. C. Macready about a bad member of his company: "Is it gone?"

And when my neighbour says Yes, I resume my vigil.

THERE is a remarkable performance by Margaret O'Brien as the six-year-old *châtelaine* of Canterville Castle. This child is so clever that I think it would be in the interests of the screen if some friendly society would shut her up in a good school or even a convent for ten years or so.



"**Ladies Courageous**" is the "official" story of the American Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, now known as the Wasps (Women's Air Force Service Pilots). Geraldine Fitzgerald and Loretta Young (right) are the leading ladies. Loretta's efforts to secure official recognition for the squadron are hampered by love affairs, fatal crashes and other complications. Finally the Wafs make a triumphant overseas flight, which unites Loretta and her wounded husband (Phillip Terry), and are duly militarized into Wasps. (Leicester Square Theatre)

The Theatre

"Bird In Hand" (Arts)

By Horace Horsnell

KIND hearts, sang the poet somewhat optimistically, are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. In this rural comedy John Drinkwater, poet and author of *Abraham Lincoln*, endorses that sentiment in the good old-fashioned way by suiting fact to fiction, making a country inn-keeper's lovely daughter and the romantic young heir of a local baronet a case in point. After much boisterous argument for and against, the young couple overcome violent paternal opposition, and prospective marriage bells ring down the curtain on what it is universally conceded is a happy-ever-after ending. It is a pleasant, not too scrupulous play, and evokes much laughter.

Such a comedy establishes friendly liaison between the muses of comedy and tragedy. In hotting up the familiar ingredients Melpomene rolls up her sleeves and lends Thalia a hand. But Thalia is in charge, and sees to it that the cooking and the dishing-up are her own. So those playgoers who go to the theatre for a good laugh are more generously catered for than those who feel there is nothing so refreshing as a good cry.

The characters, with one notable exception, are drawn with a free hand and less than pedantic fidelity to real life. The exception is so sympathetically drawn and so brilliantly substantiated by that fine actor, Mr. Herbert Lomas, that the result seems even more than lifelike. This is the character of Mr. Greenleaf, landlord of the "Bird in Hand," a Gloucestershire inn that has been in the family ever since Queen Elizabeth included it in one of her famous bed-and-breakfast itineraries.

He is an excellent, if somewhat opinionated host and father, holding firm old-fashioned social and sentimental views. Fanatically

critical of the current breaking down of barriers between the classes, he sees nothing but moral danger in the innocent friendship of his daughter and the squire's son. Nor is he merely a bigoted theorist.

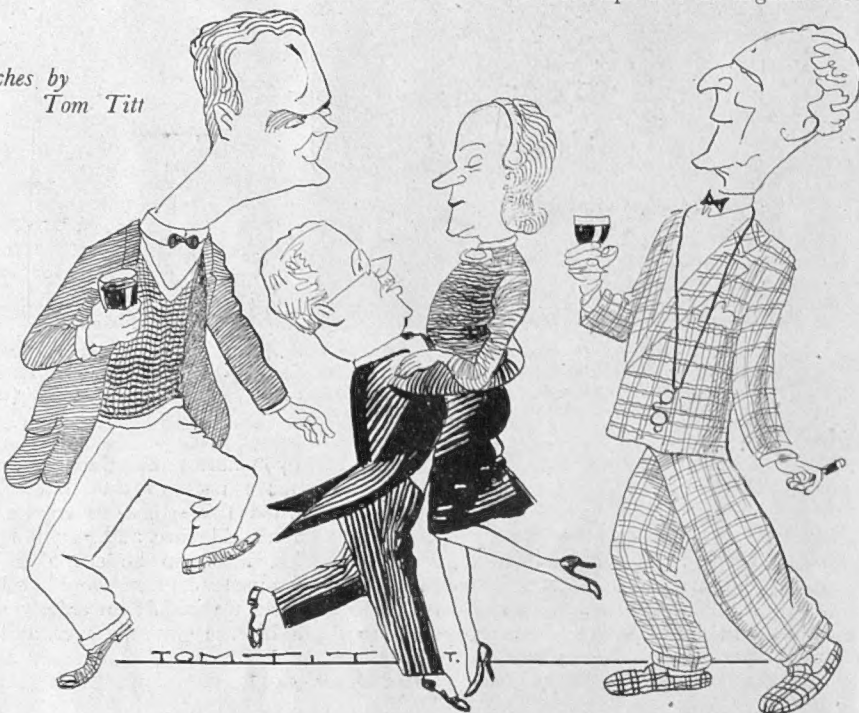
Did not his own great-aunt Sarah, on just such a summer evening eighty years ago, go for a drive with the then young squire, just as his daughter proposes now, and come to grief in a gig? And what, he demands of his broad-minded wife, were the immoral hazards of a

gig compared with those of a Rolls Royce? The question, though rhetorical, is serious. But Joan, who has been to boarding school and acquired ideas above her station, and her mother, who is an ex-graduate of the circus ring, pooh-pooh his qualms and seek in vain to cool his temper. And in spite of his volleys and thunders, Joan does not forgo that evening spin.

Meanwhile three benighted travellers arrive—a small-salesman of sardines, the lively scion of a commercial knight, and an eminent K.C. They are accommodated for the night, and become prime participants in the domestic hullabaloo that ensues.

The joy-ride is prolonged. Night falls; heavy rain falls, and so (in her outraged father's opinion) does Joan. Bedtime comes bringing no sign of the headstrong truant. The three travellers, each equipped with a lighted candle that intensifies the encircling gloom, retire. But not to sleep. For the argument continues,

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Convivial guests at the inn. Cyril Beverley (Frith Banbury), Mr. Blanquet (Andrew Leigh), Mrs. Greenleaf (Kathleen Boutall) and Ambrose Godolphin, K.C. (George Bishop)



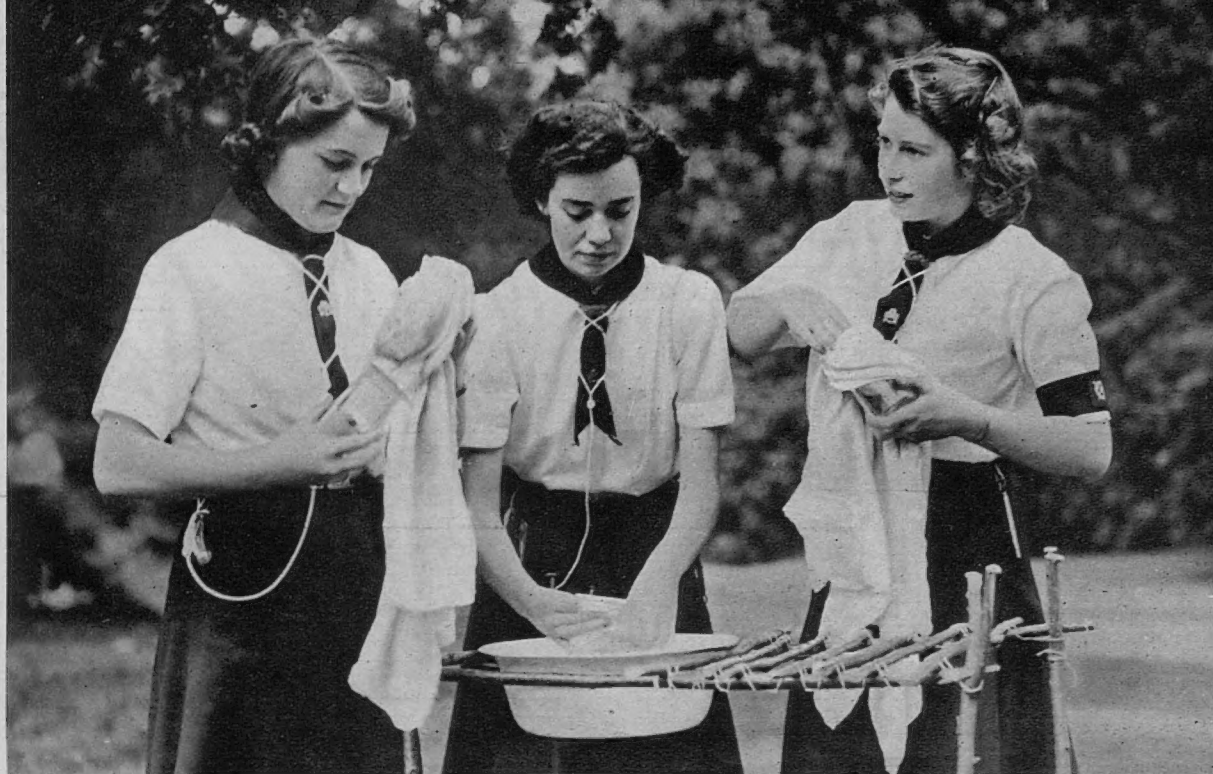
Boy gets girl but parents disagree. Herbert Lomas as Mr. Greenleaf, William Monk as Sir Robert Arnwood; Felicity Lyster and Richard Stapley as the young lovers

and the insomnia this generates, abetted by the plot's comic interludes, keeps the action lively and volubility bubbling.

All, however, is well; though Mr. Greenleaf's reception of his errant daughter, who had been innocently, if sentimentally, sheltering from the rain, reaches a pitch of recriminatory frenzy that, for noise and bitterness, reduces the reception by Desdemona's father of the news that she has eloped with Othello to the moderation of a mere "Dear me!"

Morning brings its after-thoughts. The resolution of the overnight, apparently insoluble problems; the breaking down of the heavy-father prejudices, and the happy betrothal of the socially disparate young lovers are contrived by the dramatist without calling too freely on the licence of farce, or unreasonably on the *deus ex machina*, the baronet-squire.

The players are worthy of their hire. Mr. Andrew Leigh does notably helpful service as the little sardine-pedlar by making that character so likeable a caricature; and Mr. Lomas, the strength, size and quality of whose acting are Shakespearean, is always a joy to watch and a pattern for young aspirants to character acting to study. It is a good-tempered play and revives well.



Princess Elizabeth, with two other Sea Rangers, did her share of the washing-up after lunch

Princesses in Uniform

● Princess Elizabeth and her sister recently paid a visit to a camp for Sea Rangers and Girl Guides in the country. Both she and Princess Margaret took an active part in the work of the camp, helping to prepare and cook the outdoor meal, and to do the washing-up. Princess Elizabeth was enrolled as a Sea Ranger early last year, and was wearing the Sea Ranger uniform, while Princess Margaret wore that of the Girl Guides. In May this year it was announced that the Queen had given permission for Princess Elizabeth to be appointed Vice-Patron of the Girl Guides Association, of which her aunt, the Princess Royal, is President



Princess Elizabeth at the Tiller During a Boating Exercise



Princess Margaret Collects Her Ration



The Outdoor Meal in Preparation

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Queen "At Home"

WHILE His Majesty was away on his historically important journey abroad, the Queen took the opportunity of visiting her brother, and stayed the week-end as his guest at St. Paul's, Walden Bury, the Strathmore home in Hertfordshire, where Her Majesty was born. Over the comfortable-looking red-brick Queen Anne house, which was always regarded as "home" by the Queen and her brothers and sisters when they were young—Glamis Castle was looked on as more of a holiday place—the Queen's standard, with its blue and white quarterings, flew. Her Majesty attended service in the little church, with its stained-glass window commemorating the coronation, and in the afternoon delighted the local folk by inspecting a parade of the Home Guard at nearby Liton.

It is always with the greatest of pleasure that the Queen goes to her childhood home, where so many happy memories come to greet her, and her regret is that her visits there cannot be more frequent. St. Paul's, Walden Bury, is a delightful house, as those who are fortunate enough to stay with the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon know very well. Its gardens and grounds, though no longer kept to the high level of peace days, are still very lovely, and the more interesting feature of the grounds, the wood reputedly laid out by Le Notre, is planned so cunningly that its converging walks and rides give the vivid illusion of a big forest, though the whole extent of the wood is only a few acres. This wood is not without its place in history, for it was here twenty-one years ago that the then Duke of York proposed, one Sunday morning in January, to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, while the rest of the family party were at church.

R.A.F. Visitor

THE Duchess of Kent is another member of the Royal Family who has been out and about a good deal of late. Her series of

engagements in various parts of the country have taken her recently to several stations of the Royal Air Force, the service for which H.R.H. has a particular warmth of feeling, since it was with the R.A.F. that the Duke was serving until the day of his death, now nearly two years ago.

Fighter stations of the Second Tactical Air Force, from which our Spitfires, Mosquitoes and other aircraft go forth to harry the Hun, and, I believe, some of the highly secret Pathfinder stations of Bomber Command, have been on the Duchess's itinerary. Without saying too much about the whereabouts of some of the Second T.A.F. stations, it can be recorded that on one day the Duchess was able to break a journey at Arundel Castle, where she was the luncheon guest of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

Banquet

ECHOES and good stories of the dinner party to celebrate the election of Sir Alfred Munnings as President of the Royal Academy continue to circulate in both artistic circles and in clubland. Host at this particularly good and witty party was that generous and very industrious person, Sir Herbert Morgan, a long-standing friend of the new Academy President, and not, as this column inadvertently suggested when describing the function earlier, Sir Alfred, who was, in fact, the guest of honour. Amid his multifarious business interests, Sir Herbert has always managed to find a certain amount of time to devote to matters of art, and he is one of the founders and chairman of the governors of the Three Arts Club.

Racing Again

AFTER a lapse of two weeks, racing in the southern section was resumed at Windsor, with a card that went in for quality rather than quantity. A very interesting and exciting afternoon's sport was provided by six races (as in pre-war days), instead of the usual wartime eight or ten races in one afternoon.



Lady Burnett of Leys looked after her grandsons, Bow and James, the bride's sons by her first marriage

The first race was won by the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, on a very beautiful filly, Neola, a daughter of the unbeaten Nearco, and owned by Mr. John Dewar. She has not yet been beaten, and won this race with ease, and hardly looked as if she had run a race in the unsaddling enclosure afterwards, a great credit to her famous trainer, Fred Darling.

The winners of the next two races, Lady Peter and British Colombo, were trained by Steve Donoghue, an ex-champion jockey for many years, and now a successful trainer. British Colombo beat the Windsor favourite Sugar Palm, who started at odds on, by a short head. Many people thought Sugar Palm had won, watching from the stands, but the "Windsor angle" is often deceiving, and only the judge can be sure. There was again quite a large attendance, in spite of so many of the "regulars" now busy in Normandy.

(Continued on page 138)



Mrs. Betty Hoare and Lady de Trafford



Mrs. Clive Graham and Mrs. Charles Mills



Major W. V. Beatty and Mrs. H. Morris

Newmarket Wedding of the King's Trainer

Capt. Boyd-Rochfort Marries the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil



Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, of Freemason Lodge, Newmarket, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, widow of the Hon. Henry Cecil, Parachute Regiment, were married at St. Agnes's Church, Newmarket. The bride is the only daughter of Major-Gen. Sir James Burnett of Leys, Bt., and Lady Burnett of Leys, of Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire

Photographs by Swaebe



Mrs. Walker was a guest at the wedding, and is seen here with Col. Howard Boyd-Rochfort, brother of the bridegroom



Sir Humphrey de Trafford was the best man. He is a Steward of the Jockey Club



S/Ldr. C. D. Fellowes, Mrs. Fellowes and Mrs. Dochie McGregor



Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and Her Daughters

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Seen at Windsor

PRINCE BERNHARD, in mufti, was an early arrival. Major Cosmo Crawley, in uniform, arrived by bicycle, with his race-glasses over his shoulder. Later I saw him with Mrs. Crawley, who was looking very nice in navy blue, chatting with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who both had several runners during the afternoon. The Duchess, looking very attractive, was wearing a wine-red hat and coat over a check dress in the same colouring. Lady Irwin was walking in the paddock with the Duchess of Norfolk's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, who was wearing a quaint red ruffled ribbon hat made in points, with a nice grey flannel coat and skirt.



Married in London

The wedding of Lt.-Col. Duncan Neilson, Royal Artillery, and Miss Heather Mary Eliot, daughter of Mrs. Edward Herbert, of Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Lenore

Two Engagements Recently Announced

Miss Frances Howard Smith, elder daughter of the late Charles Howard Smith, C.M.G., and Mrs. Howard Smith, of 20, Grosvenor Court, Sloane Street, S.W., is engaged to Lt. Tempest Hay, R.N., only surviving son of the late Charles Thomas Hay and Mrs. Hay

Miss Pauline Stewart Robinson, youngest daughter of the late Major Stewart Robinson and Mrs. Stewart Robinson, of The Ovals, Kington, Herefordshire, is to marry Capt. Louis Charles Schwaab, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Schwaab, of Boston, Massachusetts

Lady Lovat, hatless in blue, was with her mother, Vera Lady Broughton; they were both answering many enquiries about Brigadier Lord Lovat, who was wounded while leading his famous "Commandos" in Normandy. Happily, they were able to give more reassuring news of his progress, which had given cause for great anxiety when septicæmia and pleurisy set in, but at the time of writing this is clearing up well. Miss Monica Sheriffe, a peacetime "regular," arrived with a large suitcase, as she explained she was on her way for a weekend in the country.

Mrs. Peter Behrens, looking as smart as ever in her M.T.C. uniform and very fresh and vivacious, said she had quite settled down to

sleeping through the "doodles" at night. Another member of the M.T.C., who came in mufti, was Miss Kay Farrer, who was lately awarded the O.B.E. for her services with the corps. Capt. James Hanbury, who is in the Life Guards, and just home from the Middle East after three years, was being greeted by many friends.

More Racegoers

OTHERS there were Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, who had received cheerful news from their son, who is with his regiment in Normandy; Lady Jean Christie, chatting with

(Concluded on page 152)



Clapperton, Selkirk

At the Opening of a Red Cross Shop

During Melrose and District Red Cross Week, the Duchess of Roxburghe opened a new Red Cross shop. At the ceremony were Lady Sybil Middleton, Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Hon. Mrs. Montgomery



Pridham, Torquay

At a Wedding Reception

Guests at the Ricardo-Pim wedding (see page 151) were Miss Judy Campbell, actress and film star, and Miss Myra Charlton, authoress, who are seen at the reception with Mr. Cyril Maude, the well-known actor-manager

Wedding Review



The Duke of Grafton and Mrs. Currie

The Duke of Grafton, of Euston Hall, Thetford, Norfolk, married as his third wife Mrs. Rita Currie, at Barnham Church, on July 18th. The bride, widow of Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Currie, R.N., is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Carr-Ellison. The Duke has four sons and one daughter by his first and second marriages



Mr. J. Stransky and Mrs. Lloyd-Dolbey

Mr. Jan Stransky, only son of the Czechoslovak Minister of Justice, and Mme. Stransky, married Mrs. Patricia Lloyd-Dolbey, daughter of the late Capt. Arthur Stock, and of Mrs. Vernon Tate, at Caxton Hall Register Office



Right: Mr. Windsor Holden White, of Washington, D.C., and Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Kathleen Clegg, widow of Lt. H. N. Clegg, R.N., and elder daughter of the late Sir Charles Fielding, K.B.E., were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

Mr. W. H. White and Mrs. Clegg



Major A. Acland and Miss Rooke

Swabe

The marriage took place at Badminton, Gloucestershire, of Major Anthony Acland, R.A., son of Capt. and Mrs. H. G. D. Acland, of Plympton, Devon, and Miss Margaret Joan Rooke, daughter of Major N. Rooke, late H.L.I., and Commissioner to the Duke of Beaufort, and Mrs. N. Rooke. The bridesmaids were Miss Leslie Rooke and Miss Sheila Harden



F/O. J. C. Wilson and Miss Bucknill

Married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, were F/O. Jeremy Charles Wilson, son of the late Col. Hon. Guy Wilson and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson, and Miss June Patricia Bucknill, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Bucknill, and of Mrs. Bucknill, of 4, Hill St., Berkeley Sq., W.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RUBBERNECKS of London, who just fail to beat rubbernecks of New York in our estimation by a short head, are giving the police and Civil Defence people enormous trouble after flying-bomb incidents, a Fleet Street authority reports.

Pre-war playboys like the late Maurice Cole, who could collect enormous crowds of stupid faces like magic whenever he chose—e.g., by measuring an imaginary line on a wall in Regent Street, or by digging up the Piccadilly roadway for a bet—got a lot of fun out of this floating rubberneck population. Its numbers greatly increase in wartime, naturally, because there are more jolly things to stare at. Fifty years ago a fallen horse or a chap in a fit or workmen mending gaspipes invariably drew good houses. Your modern rubberneck likes something more tasty, such as a bombed street with casualties. It's our belief that the late charming Nature poet W. H. Davies is partly to blame, having written that wellknown little whimsy imploring the Island Race to spare a moment to stand and stare at such things as cows, birdies, flowers and trees. Had the police taken this up and charged him with inciting to obstruction it might have been awkward for Mr. Davies.

Footnote

THE only excuse for collecting to stare at (say) a Cabinet Minister is to humble his excessive spiritual pride, as that awful Mr. Benchley once did on Madison Avenue

by suddenly pointing at a passing politician and yelling "Secretary to the Treasury! Yah! Secretary to the Treasury! Yah!" A large hostile crowd surged up, Mr. Benchley continued to yell and point, the big boy dived into the nearest taxicab in a muckswat of terror, and Mr. Benchley passed on, humming a tune.

Career

READING that large numbers of ladies everywhere, according to magistrates' increasing complaints, are taking up shoplifting as a hobby, we found ourselves suddenly transported in memory back to those halcyon Hammersmith nights when the Playfair-Lovat-Fraser *Beggar's Opera* was ravishing everybody.

It's in the tavern near Newgate, where the Ladies of the Town are exchanging those bitter-sweet professional compliments before betraying the Captain, that the art of shoplifting is discussed between Mrs. Coaxer, Mrs. Vixen, and Molly Brazen. Every ambitious modern amateur should study this passage:

COAX: We have so many Interlopers.—Yet with Industry one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver flower'd Lutestring and a Piece of black Padesoy to Mr. Peachum's Lock but last Week.

VIX: There's Molly Brazen hath the Ogle of Rattlesnake. She rivetted a Linnen-Draper's



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

"I still don't see why they consider it such a good idea to explode these things in mid-air"

Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

BRAZ: Oh, dear Madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your Handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue

Moral lessons to be drawn from above (1), that amateur competition is nothing new; (2), that even amateurs who carefully practise the shy sweet blush, the rolling eye, the heaving bosom, the silver tongue, and the fluttering eyelash may get away with it; and (3), that even if they don't, they won't be put nowadays to the discomforts Miss Brazen and her friends endured by being irrevocably hanged or transported. In fact, it's one of those Careers for the Postwar Girl the pedants are already gibbering about.

Tip

THAT courageous proposal by a wealthy music-publishing firm to restore Covent Garden to its former glories after the war by acquiring the lease for a long-term International Opera programme seems to us to leave out only one vital factor for success—the social (or snob) angle.

Breastplates of hereditary diamonds in every box with Edward VII glooming in the centre made the Opera what it was in De Reské's time, which was certainly a peak. But the even higher Regency standard, when the Italian Opera in the Haymarket was a kind of club, seems the mark to aim at. For box and pit tickets you had to apply first to a committee of peeresses headed by the Duchesses of Devonshire, Marlborough, and Bedford. If they passed you as socially fit, you had to turn up in black silk Court knee-breeches, ruffles, and a *chapeau bras*, for if you appeared in the most elegant of Staub's trouserings they turned you away. After the Opera and ballet the whole brilliant assembly retired to a concert-room in the same building for dancing and supper.

Footnote

THE great Chesterton once remarked that fortunes are made by clever chaps out of the *beau monde* by making everything damnably difficult. If we were running Covent Garden we'd bring our elegant patrons to heel first of all by threatening to print a frank Peerage and Baronetage



"By Jove—how extraordinary—an African elephant in India!"

(Concluded on page 142)



Mrs. N. S. Gulbenkian had a winner in the utility driving event



Mrs. McCorquodale drove Mr. Ballard's silver cup winner in the open driving class

Buckinghamshire Horse Show



Above are Major H. T. Morton, M.F.H., and Mrs. Morton, president and chairman of the Show

• The Hulcott Horse Show was held at Cane End Farm, near Aylesbury, a short time ago, and proceeds went to the Red Cross Rural Pennies Fund. Major H. T. Morton, M.F.H. of the Whaddon Chase, was president, and his wife chairman of the Show, and the Whaddon Chase Hounds made an appearance on the ground



Here is Mr. W. H. Bonner's winner in the open hunter class



Whaddon Chase Hounds at the Show



Competitors in a jumping event await their turn



Ten-year-old Alan Oliver, on Socks, was the winner of the open jumping



Wendy Mallet, on Golden Melody, was first in the children's pony class

Standing By ...

(Continued)

("I have known some strange errors in that publication," as Lady Bracknell says grimly in the Wilde play). After that one could get away with murder, we guess.

Check

ANY outburst of synthetic emotion from the BBC boys awakens our morbid sympathy, knowing the agony involved, and their Bastille Day exhibition is still occupying our thoughts greatly.

There was actually only one bogus note in it, apart from the Bastille legend—the assumption that all the French enjoy all that street-dancing on July 14. From our own observation in the declining years of the corrupt Third Republic, the average solid Parisian endures this annual saturnalia, indulged in chiefly by the toughs, apaches, and mopsies of Belleville and Montrouge, with bitter oaths. Therefore, we thought, it was a good thing for the BBC boys that the old iron régime of the admirals at Broadcasting House has gone, or there might have been trouble; for the admirals hated anything bogus.

Daily during that salutary period the Master-at-Arms making his discipline-report would say: "Sir, the following have let the old ship down since 0012 hrs. yesterday—Cyril, Percy, Derek, and Rupert." The delinquents would then be marched in and examined.

"Which of you is Uncle Bobbity of the Children's Hour?"

"Here, Sir."

"What the hell d'you mean by telling the chicks that Popsy Rabbit finished up by marrying the Owl Princess?"

"Well, Sir, I thought—er—"

"Master-at-Arms?"

"Warned twice, Sir."

"Anything to say?"

"No, Sir."

"A damned disgrace to the ship. Fifty of the best, Master-at-Arms."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

It kept the boys on their toes, and where is that healing discipline now?

Nark

MOST of the narks and *agents-provocateurs* of the Min. of Food, one of whom was said at Carlisle recently to have set a trap for a citizen buying rabbits above the maximum price, may be easily recognised by the wary, our spies report.

The male nark is foppishly dressed and monocled and makes love to grocers' wives, offering to buy them yachts and diamonds. The female type, brazenly beautiful with green, disturbing eyes, and exquisitely gowned, intoxicates grocers by singing little French songs to them over the counter in a low husky voice. When the grocer is thoroughly in the bag she can make him sell anything to anybody at any price. Some grocers, mad with love, brave the ensuing cooler gladly because they think the adventuress will be waiting for them outside the big gate on release. Sometimes she drives up in a Rolls and mocks them, sometimes she doesn't turn up at all, but sends an insulting message. Sometimes, if the grocer is really attractive, she writes him a long impatient letter explaining everything.

"... You must be mad, mad, mad, to think I could ever stoop to win a love like yours, except to satisfy a spoiled woman's passing whim! How could one who is courted by the *crème de la crème*, at whose feet dukes pay their devoirs unheeded—how could one such as I be contented with a humble life amid groceries and assorted provisions? Forgive me, my friend, and forget this folly" (etc., etc.).

The Min. of Food doesn't pay much, and narks of both sexes have to find their own



"Do sit down and stop fiddling with that drill! What d'you think Harris would say if Hitler started tinkering with his bombs?"

costumes and make-up. This causes grumbling in the profession.

Lesson

THIS week's Lesson for Fond Mumsies comes from Boston (Mass.) where an infant prodigy who graduated with honours from Harvard in 1912 at the age of sixteen has just died in hospital, an unemployed elderly clerk.

In the arts, as we've noted before, the only infant phenomenon of modern times who is still ringing the bell in middle age is Solomon, the pianist, though Menuhin is slowly catching up. Just two, out of how many? We know a bighearted critic chap who spends half his time trying to prevent further wrecked lives. When Mumsie says, "Oh, Mr. Urk, I do want you to hear darling Babs play her Debussy piece," he pretends to be struck with paranoia and foams in his chair with twitching limbs and awful faces. If the ensuing fuss doesn't do the trick he secretly severs a few of the pianoforte wires beforehand with an Army wire-cutter. This conversation ensues:

"What do you think, Mr. Urk?"

"Yes, I think she's strong enough. I notice a few wires are gone."

"It'll help her career if she's strong, you mean?"

"Naturally. A weak girl can't stand up to it on a Boat Race night, for example."

It turns out that Mr. Urk is under the impression that Mumsie wants darling Babs to become a chucker-out at the Hippodrome. In many cases she does become a chucker-out at the Hippodrome. How many heartaches and despairs are saved thereby only the musical underworld can say.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Omar Khayyam, my foot, Mr. Robertson. Our 'loaf of bread' is an empty salmon tin, our 'jug of wine' a bottle of Yorkshire relish, our 'bough' a cactus, and 'Thou' nearly old enough to be my father!"

Mothers and Children



Swabe

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Brougham is the Russian wife of Lord Brougham and Vaux's younger brother. She was Miss Sonya Salzman before her marriage in 1940, and has one son, Christopher, born in 1941. They were photographed at their home in Tunbridge Wells. Lieut. the Hon. Anthony Brougham is in the South Lancashire Regiment



Lady Rachel Davidson, eldest sister of the Duke of Norfolk and widow of Lt.-Col. Colin Keppel Davidson, C.I.E., O.B.E., R.E., has two children, Duncan and Harriet-Mary. Her husband, a cousin of the Earl of Albemarle, was killed in action last year. Lady Rachel was appointed an extra Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of Kent in 1943



Swabe

Mrs. William Heinemann is seen with her daughter, Patricia Ann, in the garden of their Sussex home at Wadhurst. She was Miss Mollie Sullivan, and is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. P. Sullivan. Her marriage to Major William E. Heinemann took place in 1940. Her husband belongs to the famous publishing family



Swabe

Countess Czernin and her children, Caroline and Nicholas, live in Sussex. Her husband, S/Ldr. Count Manfred Czernin, D.F.C., R.A.F., is a son of Count Otto Czernin of Austria and of the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Frost, sister of Lord Grimthorpe. Countess Czernin is the daughter of Mr. R. J. Hamilton, O.B.E., a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn

Prince William Up to Date

With His Parents at Barnwell Manor



Barnwell Manor

● When we published pictures a year ago of Prince William at Barnwell his activities were largely confined to the sandpit in the garden. This year a flat-bottomed sailing-boat seems to be the thing—and an all-absorbing occupation. The young son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester is now three-and-a-half years old. Barnwell Manor, his parents' home near Oundle, was bought by the Duke in 1938. The original castle, built in the time of Henry III., was forfeited and given to the Abbot of Ramsey. Chief Justice Montague acquired it after the dissolution of the religious houses, and built the present Tudor house, which devolved in 1845 to the Duke of Buccleuch

Photographs by Lee Miller



Taking Exercise on the Lawn



Bound for the Duck Pond



A Good Ship Goes to 'Sea



The Duchess of Gloucester with Her Son



The Duke and Prince William Do Some Gardening



Adjusting the Mainsail



The End of the Voyage



Pictorial Press

C.-in-C. the Royal Norwegian Air Force: Rear-Admiral Riiser-Larsen

An outstanding personality amongst the Allied leaders is Rear-Admiral Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen, the only Admiral to command an Air Force. Commissioned in 1912, in the Royal Norwegian Navy, in 1915 he became one of the first pilots in the Naval Air Force. With a practical knowledge of manufacture, management and organisation of military and civil aviation, by 1939 he had gained the reputation of being Norway's most able flying man. To the general public his name is perhaps best remembered in connection with Arctic exploration, as second in command of the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition by 'plane to the Arctic in 1925, and of the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile airship expedition across the North Pole in 1928, and many other similar adventures. In September 1939 Riiser-Larsen was called to the H.Q. Staff of the Royal Norwegian Naval Air Force, escaping when the Germans invaded Norway, via Stockholm, Moscow, the Balkans and Italy to London. He was largely responsible for building up "Little Norway," the great Norwegian Air Training Camp in Canada, and returned to London in 1941 to take over the combined command of the Royal Norwegian Army and Naval Air Forces.



Officers of a Surrey Battalion, Home Guard

Front row: Capts. W. Moore, R. Alston, Lt. A. E. Wilson, D.C.M., Capt. J. S. Burn, Majors J. Collis-Browne, V. H. Neil, A. J. Bott, M.C., Lt.-Col. A. E. Redfern, O.B.E., M.C. (Commanding Officer), Capt. and Adj. G. Garland, Majors R. W. Williams, C. R. Holmes, H. N. Turner, Capt. and Q.M. W. Cornes, B.E.M., Capts. G. H. Stevens, A. G. Freeman, H. Courlander. Second row: Lts. A. E. Armstrong, A. N. MacDonald, R. C. Ayton, C. V. Locke, W. H. Wood, R. A. Cartledge, M.M., R. Cory, W. C. Freeman, M.M., J. C. Bygrave, W. F. Rackett, F. H. Cooper, C. G. Hatherly, O.B.E., B. H. Howlett, J. E. Osborne, M.C., D. G. Williams. Third row: Lts. W. A. Jackson, B. H. Potts, D.C.M., E. E. Watson, J. P. Clancy, Capt. A. E. Baine, Lt. F. Hardy, 2nd Lt. G. R. Dexter, Lts. G. E. Sanders, S. C. Marshall, B. H. Cowen, M. Hinselwood, B. W. Pendred, 2nd Lt. W. F. Gronous. Back row: R.S.M. J. White, Lts. A. J. F. Bond, H. J. Gay, A. J. Southern, 2nd Lt. J. J. Fairs, Lts. E. C. Harding, F. W. Frith, R. N. Farrar, T. J. Dowden, J. E. Hollway, W. B. Drynan, D.S.O.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"These" for Remembrance!

FIRSTLY, this old French proverb:—"Tout passe! Tout casse! Tout lasse!" Secondly, and, I suggest, even more worthy of memorising: "On n'est jamais si heureux, ni si malheureux, qu'on s'imagine."

It is one of the *Maximes Morales*, published in 1665, of the erudite François, Duc De La Rochefoucauld (1613-80), a gallant soldier and philosopher, who was twice wounded in the War of the Fronde (1648) and never really recovered, dying in Paris, where he wrote these wonderful *Maximes*, which I feel it would do a lot of people good to read, or re-read. They

are a great aid to anyone who may find difficulty in these vivid times in keeping his hair on, as the saying goes!

Non-Triers

It would be fairly safe to say that most onlookers knew, even if Rudolf Schicklgruber did not, as long ago as August 1943, that one, at any rate, of the present "usurpers," Von Brauchitsch, was a non-trier. The Gestapo got on to his line far too late, and he ran them out of scent. Von Brauchitsch was deprived of his command in 1941 because he told Rudolf to retire to the Polish fortress belt and to stop tilting at windmills in Russia. Rudolf is now being knocked back right on to the Polish ropes, and Von Brauchitsch is able to say, "I told you so!" He is undoubtedly the king-pin of the opposition—and its brains. Himmler has missed him once: what is the betting about the left barrel? I should not like to say, and, anyway, it does not matter, since the whole boiling is just Hun.

Negative Information

TEHRAN and Borealis still continue to head the list in the Leger betting at roughly 6 to 1 each of two; Ocean Swell is at 15 to 2, Hycilla at 17 to 2, and Happy Landing at 10 to 1. They offer you 100 to 9 Rockefeller, about whom we know very little indeed, and probably shall learn nothing until the betting just before the start! If it then goes on in shovelfuls, mind your eye! If I am right about the Derby, Tehran is being flattered and Ocean Swell scorned. If I am right and if Ocean Swell had done what a stayer should, he must have won comfortably. Being very cussed, I believe that I am right about that cock-eyed form, and, therefore, I think it is Gordon Richards, and not Tehran, who is at 6 to 1. As to Lord Harewood's recent 1½-mile winner Great Auk (Great Tit colt), as a two-year-old he finished third 1¾ lengths behind Ocean Swell over 6 furlongs in October last year, and he had Tehran behind him (fifth). At Newmarket on this July 19th Great Auk had nothing in the news behind him, so, much as I should like to see his noble owner win (not out of his turn), it is not desirable to do more than record this bit of two-year-old form.

Puzzle Corner

LOOKING very carefully at a snapshot of the Derby winner which appeared in this page, can anyone say why he might have been deprived of the race and under which of the Rules of Racing this could have happened? To dig this one out may interest even some of the Dempsey lads now so busy punching the middle-piece out of the Kreuzverdammt in Normandy. Luckily for the winner, nobody spotted the little slip at the time; but if they had, it would undoubtedly have cost him the spoils. Objections are very few and far between in the Derby. The last was in 1913, when Craganour was first past the post, but was disqualified for bumping and boring and the race was awarded to Aboyeur. The possibility for an objection in this year's race had nothing to do with any offence of this description.

A Neglected Tribe

IT is certain that everyone will have read the report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Medical Schools (price only 4s. 6d.) with

(Concluded on page 148)



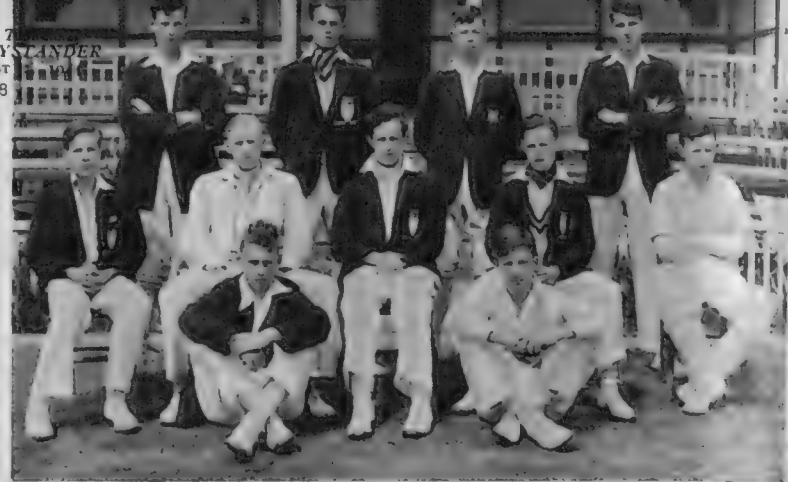
D. R. Stuart

Engineer Officers at an R.N. Air Station
Sitting: Lt. (A.) M. Williams, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (A.) R. V. Wallington, R.N.V.R., Mr. C. J. Davis, R.N. Standing: Lt. (A.) H. J. Saville, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (E.) N. Barker



Rival Tennis Captains

M. Victor de Lavelaye captained the Belgian team, and Major K. Silbiger the Dutch, at the lawn tennis international played at Hurlingham. M. de Lavelaye won his match 6-2, 6-1



School Cricket Match: Westminster Loses to Felstead

D. R. Stuart

Felstead, evacuated to Ross-on-Wye, beat Westminster by 133 runs on the Worcester County Cricket ground. They had previous victories over Lancing and Dean Close. In front: T. M. F. Bernard, B. St. C. Munro. Sitting: E. A. Bean, M. Partridge, K. P. A. Mathews (Captain), R. G. Ames, J. L. Rees. Standing: W. P. R. Tolpitt, M. A. P. Gay, R. A. D. A. Kiddle, J. A. West

Westminster, evacuated to Worcester, have had difficulties in getting fixtures with other public schools, but have played a number of R.A.F. and Army units. In front: Hon. F. J. Somerset, J. W. P. Bradley. Sitting: R. A. Denniston, W. J. Gerrish, R. W. D. Law (Captain), J. C. O. Furber, G. V. Almond. Standing: R. C. Love, A. N. Hodges, G. L. Law, K. G. Brookman

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

avidity, and marked how, amongst other things, it is proposed to take a tremendous added interest in the education of the budding Æsculapius, and pay much more attention to his "recreation" (other than Rugger, I presume, about which he knows quite a lot already, especially if he belongs to one famous hospital); his "social" education, and his attention to the mental health of his patients, the Committee, no doubt, believing that quite a number of people who send for doctors are plumb batty; but I feel that I express the sentiments of many tender-hearted persons when I say that there is a widespread regret that we hear nothing about similarly benevolent intentions where the doctor's fellow-craftsman, the dentist, is concerned. He belongs, it is to be feared, to one of the class regarded as first cousins to Himmler. People have written romances round the doctor: *Under the Red Lamp* is almost a classic! Has anyone ever thought of giving the dentist a fair show with a vivid saga entitled *Under the Blue Funk*? Doctors learn how to tackle him low: has anyone ever thought of giving the poor dentist a free course in jiu-jitsu or all-in wrestling to help him in his dealings with his more obstreperous victims? Never! The doctor, so we are encouraged to believe by this report, is to be given specialised tuition in how to compound a judicious admixture of restrained jocularity and professional mysticism for conversational use, and also, presumably, in how to tackle the patient who enjoys indifferent health. So far, we hear nothing about giving the dentist any instruction in how to enrich the remark: "Now open the mouth *widely* please and keep *quite* steady!" Is this cricket? Likewise, can nothing be done about dental-parlour reading matter and the provision of something more cheerful than illustrated periodicals of the year Persimmon won the Derby, or Dizzy brought off the Suez Canal coup for those, who, like the trembling occupants of the conciergerie, wait for the rumble of the tumbril? Doctors quite often have all the latest fashion papers, and some even the sporting ones with "Old Joe's One Horse Snips" in them. Things do not seem to be at all equally divided.

about manacling and strapping him into The Chair. The dentist's numerous pupils who attend the séance are produced for us yelling the odds as to whether the victim will survive. The dentist, disgusted no doubt by the rude remarks made by his audience, then

decides to try his new dope on himself. All the fun that he gets out of it is to make his wife believe that he has got D.T. This seems a bit hard. This is all very cheerful and I am sure will make you howl with laughter. P.S.—It gave me goose-flesh.



But Stay . . .

PERHAPS all this is not quite correct, because someone has just shot a film on to us called *The Great Moment*, and it is all about the operations of a Boston dentist way back in 1840, who *thought* that he had discovered something more amusing than laughing-gas, but was not quite certain whether it would not kill the patient stone-dead; anyway, the most extraordinary precautions had to be taken

Cartoon Stakes at Newmarket: by "The Tout"

Almost every big race-winner for the last fifty years or more has been photographed after the event by W. A. Rouch. Although over eighty years of age, he still carries on, and was present to see the racing on the July Course last month. Noel Cannon keeps the ball rolling for Mr. J. V. Rank at Druid's Lodge, where he has turned out a number of winners again this season. He trains two good fillies in *Basful* and *Superior*, the latter having run third in the One Thousand to Picture Play *Vigorous*, fifth in the "Guineas," did not compete in the Derby, but is engaged in the "Selinger"

On Active Service



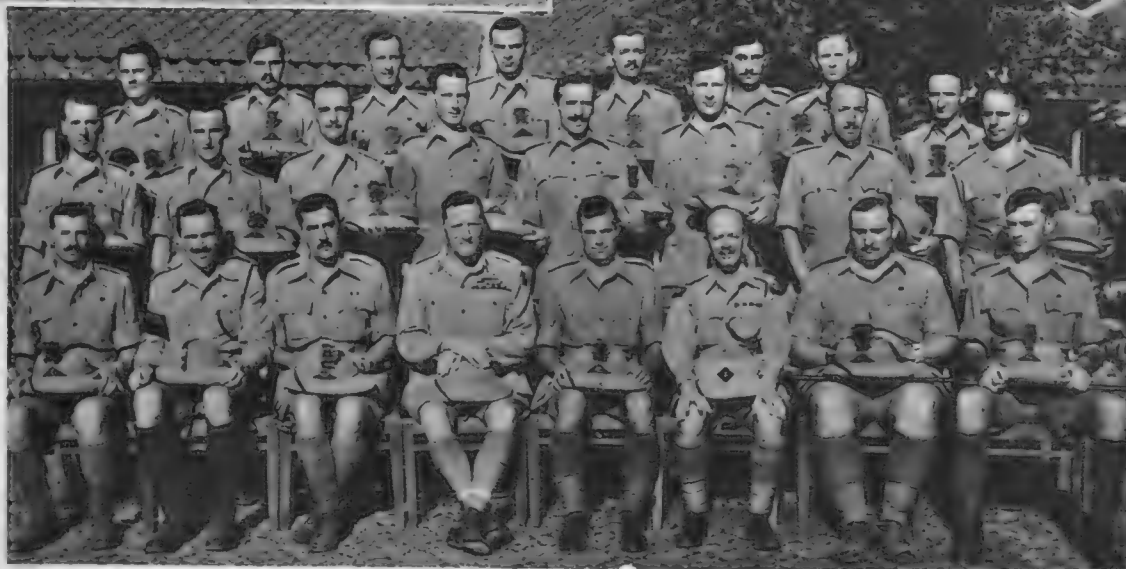
Andrew Paterson

Officers of the R.A.S.C. and A.T.S. Officers in Scotland

Front row: Capts. D. W. H. Brown, G. W. Angus, Majors J. G. Oakes, E. A. Thornton, a Lt.-Colonel, Major B. G. Marriott, J/Cdr. S. Alexander, Capts. H. F. Goode, C. E. Naylor. Middle row: Capt. J. Seymour, J/Cdr. A. E. B. P. Murray, Subs. J. Gale, L. J. Winfield, D. A. K. Steuart, M. MacKenzie. Back row: Lt. C. E. Bebe, Capt. J. Dalgleish, Lt. J. A. Bremner, Capt. H. B. Weston, 2nd Lt. W. T. More, Lt. F. Pilling, 2nd Lt. E. G. Dorey, Capt. R. A. Smart, Lt. W. A. Wynton

Officers of an A.-A. Brigade Somewhere in England

Front row: Majors T. C. Clark, W. C. Fearnchough, Lt.-Cols. J. C. Dykes, J. R. P. Chrystal, R. R. Raynford, the Brigade Commander, S. G. G. MacWatters, J. Drummond, Major M. N. Darlac, M.B.E., S/Cdr. J. Godolphin, Major J. M. Richardson. Back row: Capts. I. O. King, H. E. Ellis, Major C. R. Bruce, Capt. J. H. S. Howard, J/Cdr. D. Venables, Majors H. Kirton, N. P. Sherlock, Rev. A. R. W. Gray, Capt. E. Trend



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Recruit Headquarters in Scotland

Front row: F/Lts. F. S. Halls, J. H. S. A. Skinner, S/Ldrs. Rev. T. J. Hoskins, P. A. McEachern, W/Cdr. A. McCrae Wilson, O.B.E., F/Lts. J. S. Orr, W. A. Crampton, M. McLeod. Middle row: F/Lt. S. Hill, Sq./Os. S. Droogleever, I. Smith, Flt/O. P. M. C. Fletcher, Sq/Os. D. Strong, J. E. Honour. Back row: P/Os. A. F. Heywood, J. M. Allan, F/O. F. A. Rose, F/Lt. W. P. Weir, F/O. W. F. McMillan, S/Ldr. Rev. C. Keegan



D. R. Stuart

Flying Instructors at a Royal Naval Air Station

Sitting: Lt.-Cdrs. W. J. Mainprice, R.N., R. N. Everett, R.N., (A.) S. P. Luke, R.N. Standing: (A.) L. F. E. Dorman, R.N.V.R., (A.) J. M. Bridgen, R.N.V.R., (A.) C. D. Haigh, R.N.V.R., 2nd Lts. (A.) R. H. Kirkness, R.N.V.R., E. S. Rickman, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (A.) L. C. Watson, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. (A.) D. L. R. Hutchinson, R.N.V.R.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

One's Friends

FROM THE LIFE," by Phyllis Bottome, is published by Faber and Faber at 6s. Its publishers say: "In this volume, Miss Bottome takes six persons not only well known to her through personal friendship, but also known to the public for their special contributions to art, religion and science; and by studying their aims and general direction she accounts for their particular fruits." The six are: Alfred Adler, Max Beerbohm, Ivor Novello, Sara Delano Roosevelt, Ezra Pound and Margaret Macdonald Bottome (the authoress's grandmother). Of them, Miss Bottome herself says, "they were human beings." She adds:

I have known other great people less well than these special six, and still more, other people who were not "great" in the world's eyes even better; but the friendships I had with these six particular persons were sincere, and on my part, lively affections, so that I had both incentive and occasion to see how they made their lives; and I feel that my choice of them may have been justified.

From the Life, as you will see at a glance, is interesting in its promise and in its purpose. But as a series of studies of human nature, does it, one may ask, wholly fulfil its claim? Miss Bottome seems here inhibited by just those qualities which must make her friendship well worth having. It would be cheap to say that a book about six enemies would be more entertaining: Miss Bottome's object is not to entertain, but to show, as it were, "the works" of these well-known persons who are, before all, her friends. To entire success in this there is surely one obstacle—writing is (or should be) a pre-eminently cool and public affair, friendship a pre-eminently warm and private one. I cannot see how even a writer of Miss Bottome's rank can hope to reconcile the two. Obviously, the six she names here are, or have recently been, public characters, with legends attached to them, with (in the world's eye) conventionalised faces that it is interesting to look behind. Miss Bottome enjoyed, in the good sense, a private view, and attempts, in good faith, to lay open this view to us. At the same time, quite rightly, she is not willing to sacrifice reticences and loyalties. As six essays on "Why I enjoyed knowing So-and-so," or on "What I saw in So-and-so," these would be admirable. But their claims to analysis are, to me at least, misleading: they are not quite dispassionate enough.

Capacities

MISS BOTTOME rates her friends by their capacities—so, I suppose, do we all. Friendship, in the long run, is based on faith. Latent in everybody, one likes or loves, one is always conscious of an ideal being. Unhappily, it is inherent in human nature to keep on defaulting from the ideal. In each six of the characters that she studies (with the exception of

Alfred Adler) she does admit that one or two gifts were misused, that intentions miscarried, that potentialities did not realise themselves. In the case, for instance, of President Roosevelt's mother—readers may feel a slight disappointment that she has not written about the President's wife—she suggests, for instance, that memorable virtue, sweetness and dignity, owed something to a very fortunate lady's exclusion of everything disagreeable. "The Secret of Ivor Novello" still remained unrevealed to me by the close of the essay that bears that name. In Ezra Pound's case, I admired Miss Bottome's feeling that full explanation should render defence unnecessary, but are her explanations quite adequate? They are, at least, reasoned and vigorous: Pound is shown as the victim of self-exile.

It was, I think, a tragedy for both parties that the whale of London could not keep down this nimble Jonah who distracted, but so well stimulated, her lethargic stomach. From the moment Ezra left the Anglo-Saxon world he began to suffer more and more from the isolation of his intellectual exile. This wild and wilful child of the Prophets—"a Daniel come to judgement"—needed the thick-padded hide of the antediluvian monster, whose maw he had so precipitately fled from! The most original of men—and Ezra was burning with originality—is partially dependent for his originality upon free and equal companionship; and no companionship can be quite so free as that of contemporaries who belong to our own race and speak a common tongue.

Ezra had, as a human being, all the failing of a beloved, an only and a spoilt child.

"He accepted Fascism," says Miss Bottome later, "largely, I believe, because he mistakenly



Mr. George Soloveyitchik, well-known writer and lecturer, whose book, "Peace or Chaos?" was recently published, had the rare privilege of going to America this year as the guest of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, to deliver an address at its annual meeting in Philadelphia. A British citizen of Russian birth, and an accomplished linguist, Mr. Soloveyitchik took an M.A. in Modern History at Oxford, studying later in Berlin and Paris. He is the author of "Ivar Kreuger—Financier" and of "Potemkin—A Picture of Catharine's Russia"

but honestly thought that Mussolini agreed with him. . . ." In the role of pupil and disciple, as well as friend, she has produced something between a portrait of, and a tribute to, Alfred Adler, that illustrious Viennese whose

split with Freud made an epoch in psycho-analytical history. "I had," she says, "as a novelist, always made psychology my life work, but it was not until I met Adler. . . ." Few novelists are so lucky as to meet Adler, but do not they all, if in a less conscious way, rather tend to make psychology their lives' work. . . . The essay on Max Beerbohm is, as becomes its subject, the most gracefully evocative in the book. From the Life, as a whole, should not disappoint, if it may not wholly satisfy, those who wait on the pen that gave us *The Mortal Storm*.

A Good Sort

"FIDUS ACHATES," by George Baker (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.), is the story of Enone, the maid of Mount Ida, and of Paris, son of the King of Troy, told by Achates, a Trojan warrior, and set against the background of the siege of Troy. Legend, history and myth have been woven in with, to my mind, satisfactory results. The language is ultra-simple—for Achates is, one soon gathers, an inarticulate chap—but is mobile, with breaks into fine descriptions of battles. The dialogue is curt and modern (quick-firing sometimes, as in a gangster story), but the effect of it is the reverse of trivial: somehow

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HAVING lately been a victim of one of those germs which

By Richard King

nowadays are creating physical havoc in all directions, I found myself, after the acute inflammation had subsided, completely deaf—or rather, deaf to all except a possible time-bomb exploding at the far end of a long street. The experience was most discomforting, and indeed very peculiar. For a fortnight I felt like some disembodied spirit wandering through a silent film in glorious Technicolor. Tanks passed me by as silently as bicycles and people talking looked as repulsive as an American soldier everlastingly chewing gum.

It had its compensations perhaps—as uncommensurable as most compensations. I slept through two Alerts and I missed a lot of aimless twaddle. Only strangers and mere acquaintances proved a menace to my walks abroad. I would like to have worn a card bearing the words: "Don't bother. I shan't hear you," because, unlike blindness, deafness carries no banner, and discovery only arrives after one's interlocutor has yelled himself hoarse—when embarrassment sets in on both sides.

On the other hand, my experience has taught me the truth that he who cracks a joke against deafness deserves himself to become deaf. That is the only way to "larn" most people. They simply cannot visualise, spiritually speaking, any dire experience which they have not been through themselves. Thus actual warfare becomes as apart from reality as a

Hollywood film and Dunkirk merely a succession of thrilling yarns from a melodramatic water-picnic. Rather spiritually humiliating, when you come to consider it; but unfortunately true, nevertheless.

Perhaps, with a little more imagination of what war really means to the vast majority of individuals, we might be living within the radius of the millennium to-day. The indifferent so soon forget. And callousness lies tragically close to inexperience. The common war-tragedy of ruined lives and ruined homes—how little they care who have escaped both. Yet it is the immeasurable accumulation of hidden woe which makes of life, as we know it to-day, such an unimaginable human tragedy. It is more comforting for most of us to wrap up our spirits in slogans for the future—often thus making us feel that we, too, are partakers in the fight. War memorials easily become merely beautiful or simply ugly; rarely the source of human humiliation and tears—whatever they may look like, however useless they may be.

No wonder the truly unhappy don the defensive armour of silence or of laughter. The sorrows we keep to ourselves are the deepest sorrows of all. They are something between ourselves and God—like the dreams of happiness which never came true. Human contact with either can so easily become almost an offence. We always build unseen ramparts around those aspects of the heart where the heart can be most cruelly devastated and hurt.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Loché-Bayne — Prendergast

Mr. Wykeham Loché-Bayne, eldest son of the late Louis Loché-Bayne and Mrs. Loché-Bayne, of Danehill, and Miss Anne Roselind Maxime Prendergast, youngest daughter of the late Cdr. Edmund Prendergast and Mrs. Prendergast, of Meads, Haywards Heath, were married at St. Paul's, Haywards Heath



Tyler — Congreve

Capt. Richard M. T. Tyler, R.E., son of Mr. R. J. Tyler-Stewart-Mackenzie, of Turlough Mill, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, and the late Mrs. Tyler, married Miss Anne Henrietta Congreve, eldest daughter of the late Cdr. Sir Geoffrey Congreve, R.N., and of Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Ruffier — Willan

Capt. John Edward Maurice Ruffier, R.M., elder son of Mrs. F. R. Ruffier, of Shropshire, Norfolk, and Miss Dorothy Margaret Willan, younger daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. J. Willan, of 6, Kensington Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, were married at Jesmond Parish Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne



Garnons-Williams — Gibbs



Neill — Hine

1st Wireless Officer Robert James Robertson Neill, Merchant Navy, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Neill, of Drumduan, Weedon, Bucks, married Miss Daphne Laura Hine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney J. Hine, of The White House, Wallon-on-the-Hill, Surrey, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Holloway — Jayne

Capt. Douglas Wynne Holloway, R.E., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Holloway, of Heather Grange, Belmont, Surrey, married Miss Yvonne Francis Jayne, daughter of the late Col. Jayne, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Jayne, of The Larches, Moor Park, Northwood, Middlesex, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Pridham, Torquay
Ricardo — Pim**

Mr. David Frank Ricardo, late King's Royal Rifle Corps, only son of Mr. Frank Ricardo, of Watchers, Haslemere, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Ricardo, married Miss Meriel Pim, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. F. E. Pim, of Windgates, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, at St. Saviour's, Dartmouth

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

Mrs. Pat Carlyle and "Lucky" Jim Lawrence; Major and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones; Mrs. Peter Herbert; Lord and Lady Delamere; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg; Lady Veronica Maddick in a very nice duck-egg blue suit; Lady Orr-Lewis, also in a neat suit with a black velvet skull-cap; Capt. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who had several runners during the afternoon; Baroness Beaumont; Lord Willoughby de Broke, a steward of the meeting, in Air Force uniform; Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke; Miss Dorothy Paget, who had several runners, but, unfortunately, not a winner; Lord Rupert Nevill with Capt. Brian Rootes, both bridegrooms this year; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blagrove; Major John Baillie; Mrs. Diana Smyly; and General Kennedy.

Lunching

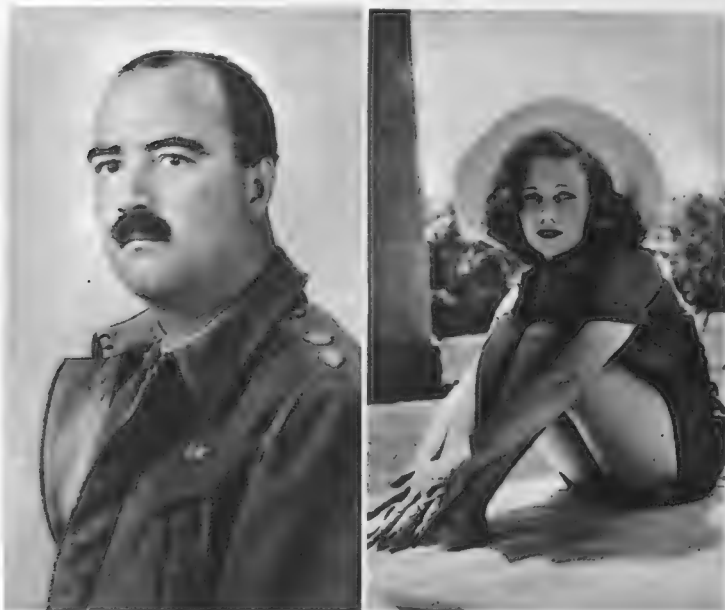
SUNDAY lunchtime is not nearly as crowded as it was, though Claridges is still always pretty full. Lord and Lady Delamere were discovered lunching there together recently, the latter very pretty in blue, which suits her lovely red hair so well. The Delameres are now living in London, as his work is up here; he is one of the sensible people who go flat when a "doodle" is near, and recently escaped quite unhurt by falling flat on his face when one came down very near him. It would certainly have injured him if he had not taken this precaution. Mrs. "Flash" Kellett was lunching with some friends; she is the widow of Col. "Flash" Kellett, who was killed in the Middle East while commanding his regiment; he was the Member for the Aston Division of Birmingham and well known in the Leicestershire hunting field, where he went so well.

Major and Mrs. Roland Findlay had Col. McIntyre, 16/5th Lancers, lunching with them; Major Findlay, who was in the Scots Greys and is now engaged on staff work, is a brother of Sir John Findlay and Lady Lucas-Tooth. Capt. Dick Rose, who is in the Scots Guards and recently returned from abroad, was lunching à deux. The brothers Sweeney, Major Charles in U.S. Army uniform, and his brother Bobby, who is in the U.S. Air Force, in mufti, were together, as were two of the O'Ferrall brothers, Rory in uniform, and Frankie, who works for the B.B.C., in mufti; they were joined by several friends, including Capt. Peter Thursby. Miss Jeanne Stuart had a large party of friends lunching with her at another table.



Working for Greece and Britain

Miss Monica Nixon, now Director of Anglo-Greek Relations in London, is probably the only woman to have been A.D.C. to a Governor-General, a post she held with Sir Arthur Richards in Jamaica, and for a short time with his successor, Sir John Huggins



Lt.-Col. the Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ward

Lt.-Col. Roderick J. Ward is the eldest brother of the Earl of Dudley, and his wife was formerly Miss Valerie Skelton, of Nairobi. Lt.-Col. Ward (to whom we erroneously referred as Brigadier in a previous issue) is in the King's African Rifles. He and his wife have a small son, born in 1942

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

Mr. Baker, by his very avoidance of archaic words, builds up a timely atmosphere—3000 years ago is made to feel like to-day.

The retelling, in whatever manner, of an old story is always open to the charge of being a tour de force, and there may be those who want to say "Hands off this one!" I doubt, however, whether *Fidus Achates*, read without prejudice, can do other than interest and delight. Just how controversial Achates' version may be found, I am not educated enough to say. Achates has, as a character, something in common with Thackeray's Dobbin of *Vanity Fair*; he is, however, less ironically rewarded—in fact, he is not rewarded at all. Descending Ida's slope alongside the bier of the lovers reunited, alas, only after death, he confronts the equally gloomy cavalcade of Aeneas, and is almost struck with the blame for the fall of Troy. The appearance of the fatal Helen is brief; and Achates, wisely, does not attempt to describe her. Hele according to this version, never set foot in Troy at all: having been shipwrecked, with Paris, on the Egyptian coast, at the outset of the promising escapade, she is detained by Pharaoh, who, unsympathetic and moral, refuses to hand her over to any but Menelaos. He being occupied elsewhere, she stays for some time unclaimed.

Of the Trojan war, Mr. Baker's Achates says:

It is not my intention to set down the tedious details of that most uninteresting war. This narrative is primarily concerned with my own story, and those I knew and loved when I was young. Considered as a war, the siege of Troy, one of the many campaigns in which I have taken part before and since, was remarkable to me only in the profound effects it has on my subsequent life.

In these later days, however, I have heard so many distortions and exaggerations of the tale, chiefly from Achaean minstrels, that for the sake of truth I feel bound to record some of its leading incidents. It was a sordid squabble with a sordid motive, and few on either side gained much honour from it.

If Achates takes a low view of the more famous Greeks—little left of Achilles by the time he has done with him—his attitude to his fellow Trojans is also decidedly disabused. Aeneas he has, as we know, helped to educate, but he watches his later development with an unhopeful eye. All this good fellow's, this professional soldier's, sentimental surroundings the figure of his adored Enone—a pig-headed and unrewarding, if charming, girl. Paris, the graceless playboy, head turned by the discovery of his royal birth, is drawn with fairness, if not with favour. The account of the construction of the famous "horse" (watched by Achates while he is the Greeks' prisoner), and of the first, and apparently unsuccessful, assault of this mighty engine of war on Troy, are fascinating. I recommend *Fidus Achates* with confidence. If you quarrel with it, you may still enjoy the quarrel. Myself, I breathed the air of this book with joy.

Indian Short Stories

"THE BARBERS' TRADE UNION" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by Mulk Raj Anand, whose novels (*The Village*, *The Sword and the Sickle*, and others) are already well known. Art, I feel certain, is the best, most peaceful and most pleasant interpreter of one race to another. As such, Mr. Anand's writing has, from the first, qualified—it has good art's pre-essential: that of being guiltless of propaganda. His comprehension of his own people is at once smiling and pitiful, but, above all, astringent. Mr. Anand writes about the Indians much as Chekhov writes about the Russians, or Sean O'Faolain or Frank O'Connor writes about the Irish. At the same time, his manner is quite his own.

Though only a few of the characters in these stories are actually children, I noticed that *childishness* is a recurrent theme. Under the fussy or pompous façades—those of the petty official, the policeman, the Government clerk, the Maharaja, the terrorist, the usurer, and so on—almost touchingly infantile motives operate. On the whole, and outstandingly in such stories as "The Maharaja and the Tortoise," "Lottery" and "A Pair of Moustachios," this makes for comedy. But also, as in "A Confession," "The Cobbler and the Machine," "The Terrorist" and "A Kashmir Idyll," there is profound pathos, and often grimness, in the lengths to which self-delusion or day-dreams run. Or sometimes, as in "A Rumour," we are shown innocent victims of other people's speciousness and unrealism. Mr. Anand's writing has an attractive, sensuous quality: he somehow charges his pages with heat, colour, scents (or smells). He has most of all, though, that power which makes a writer great—he can give human weakness a dignity of its own.

Underground Belgium

"THE UNDERGROUND PRESS IN BELGIUM," published by the Belgian Ministry of Information, is a document—or rather, collection of documents—that no one should miss. These are extracts from the many resistance newspapers—published at imminent risk, circulated in endless danger—in Belgium, since the summer of 1940. Now, this summer, the patience and courage of which we have proof here look like at last flowering into victory. The darkness is lifting. All the more is it well to remind ourselves how intense, for Belgium and other overrun countries, could this darkness have been, were it not for their own unquenchable, valiant stars. The work of the free presses can never perhaps be rated highly enough—also, it has produced some excellent journalism. I found the article dated July 1942, battling against the inevitable discouragement caused by Allied reverses in North Africa, particularly moving.

Dunkirk— and after!

Van Moorehead the famous War Correspondent writing from the Beachhead, June 12—

"It must have been pleasant for General Montgomery to see among our booty a number of British vehicles of the Morris make which the Germans apparently captured at Dunkirk and are still using."

Extract from "Daily Express"

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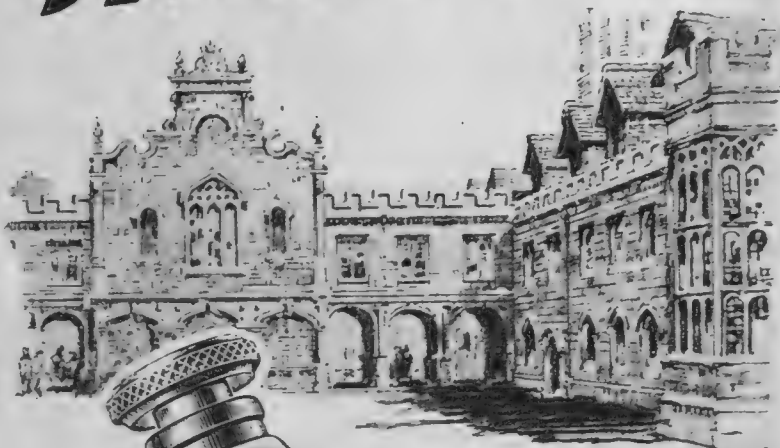


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Through the Eyes of the Camera

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Photographs by Dormier Cole



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS story, from the *New York Times Magazine*, is very popular in Algiers, where the Allies like to take cracks at each other and at themselves too:—

The scene takes place in Berlin some time after the war. A black limousine stops before the Information Bureau. A stately gentleman speaks in a heavy British accent:—

"I beg your pardon," he says. "I am slightly forgetful and I have not been in touch with all of you for quite a while. What has become of this, oh, what is his name, the little man with the little moustache?"

"You mean, Hitler, sir?"

"Of course, of course! Well, what has become of him?"

"Oh, he is doing fine, sir. He lives out in the country and is devoting his time to painting."

"I see. What about that other chap, the stout one, you know, one who used to wear so many medals?"

"Goering, sir?"

"Yes, yes, of course, Goering. What of him?"

"Doing a flourishing business in a religious medal concern."

"And that little one with a queer foot? I can't think of his name either?"

"You mean Goebbels, don't you, sir? He is very busy running a press agency and building a fortune."

"Oh, I see, I see."

"You do seem to have been out of touch with us, sir. May I ask your name?"

"Of course, of course, my friend. I am Lord Hess."

HE was a Jew and a fatalist, and his coolness under fire was the occasion of some remark.

"Vell, vell," he said, "vat's de use to try and todge de pullets. Dey'll hit you schust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't."

THE negro was all dressed up in his best clothes and was strutting majestically up and down the street.

"Are you not working today, Sambo?" asked a passer-by.

"No, sir," replied Sambo, "I's celebrating my golden weddin'."

"Were you really married fifty years ago, today?"

"Yassir."

"Well, why isn't your wife celebrating with you?"

"My present wife, sir," replied Sambo, with great dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it; her's the fourth."

AT the first performance of George Antheil's ultra-modernistic *Ballet Mécanique*, the orchestra contained ten grand pianos, six xylophones, a fire-alarm siren, an airplane propeller, and several automobile horns. As the music mounted in volume, the audience became fidgety and continued to grow more restless and excitable. Finally, after eight minutes of the composition, a man in one of the front rows raised a white handkerchief tied to his cane, and the entire audience burst into laughter.



Vivienne

Phyllis Monkman, always fresh in our memories as one of the original Co-Optimists, is to appear with Cyril Fletcher in Mr. Pemberton's new revue, "Keep Going," opening at the Palace Theatre on August 10. Besides a humorous solo, she will be seen in several sketches, a very pathetic monologue entitled "Air Mail," and last but not least, will dance the Can-Can

THE orderly officer was going his rounds breakfast and stopped one table with the usual query: "Any complaints?" One soldier sprang up and said: "Yes, sir, the tea tastes of chloride lime."

The officer took the mug, sniffed the contents, then sipped delicately.

"Nonsense!" he pronounced. "That's carbolic acid!"

A YOUNG man presented himself at a recruiting depot, and expressed his wish to join the Army. The sergeant asked him the usual questions, and entered the answers on his sheet.

"Occupation?" he inquired.

"Well," said the young man, "I hardly know. You see, my guv'nor died and left me a pot of money a year ago, and I've just run through the lot."

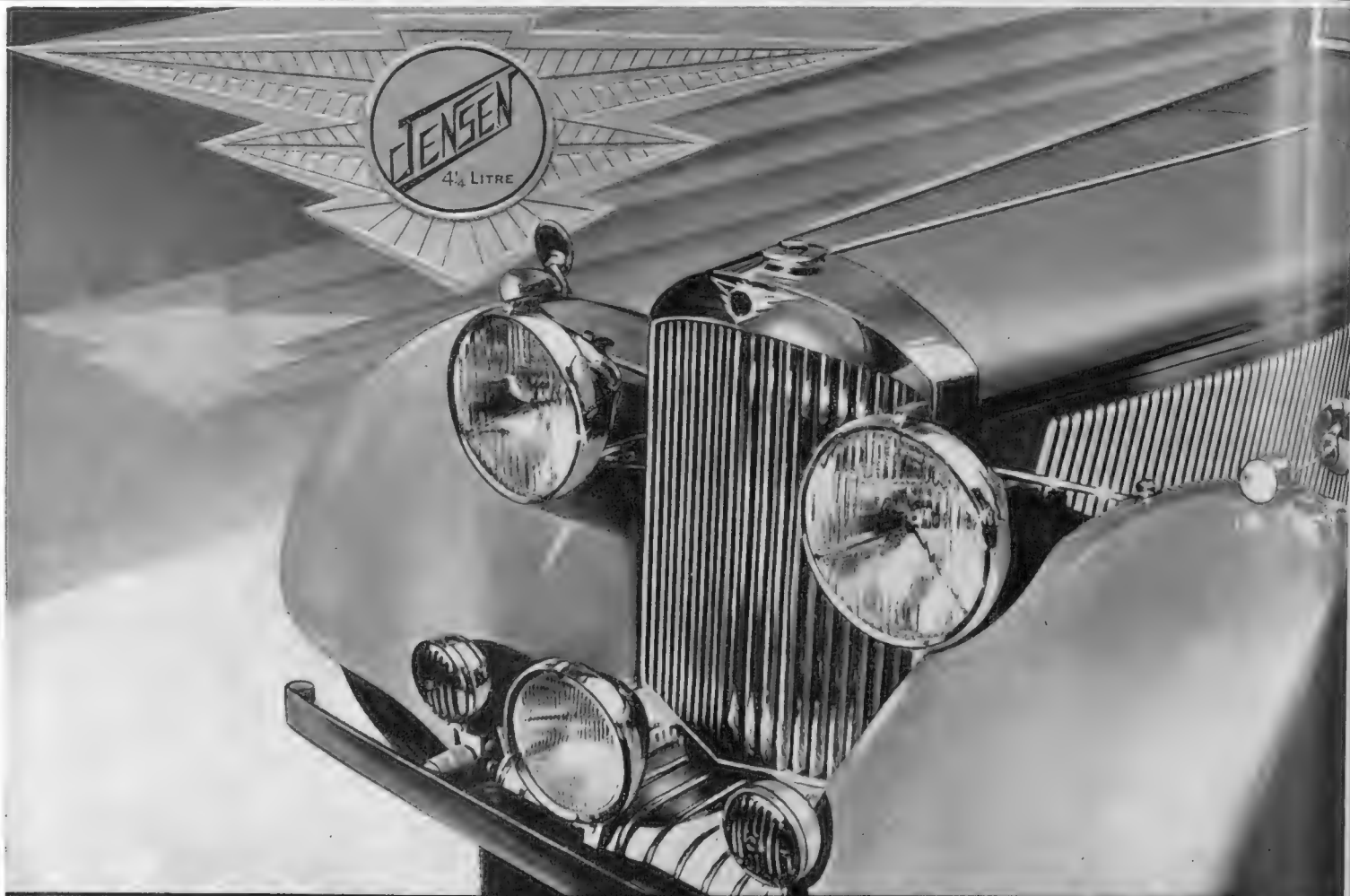
"I see," replied the sergeant, thoughtfully. Then he entered in the relevant column: "Brass finisher."

A WOMAN filling in a form at a food office gave

her infant daughter's name as Nadine.

"That's unusual," said the assistant. "Is it French or Russian?"

"Dunno, mum, I'm sure," was the reply. "I let it off a jeep."



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Scientific

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Death of Criticism

SOMEbody said that, in war, truth is the first casualty. But in this war criticism is also a casualty, if not a fatal one. Perhaps I speak with a bias, for during the war I have been struggling to run an aviation magazine. I can say that I have had help from individual members of the Services (especially the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force) and from some people in the Ministries; but I can also say that, taken by and large, official aid has been devoted to steadily increasing quantity to the official publications, or to propaganda publications.

Let someone arise with a plan for improving our relations with an ally, or for boosting British goods or British ways, and he will have the sources of paper supply opened to him. He will not be worried by this and that rule about whether this or that kind of presentation is wasteful or not. Colour, "bleeds," and all the rest of the paraphernalia of presentation will be available to him, while the person trying to publish something that people buy because they want to buy it (instead of having it forced upon them because some Government department thinks it will be good for them) is hampered at every turn.

The most serious aspect of all this from the aeronautical point of view is its effect upon criticism. It is astonishing the things that the public will now accept without question. The other day I noticed an eminent engineering journal putting in a mild protest about the manner in which the credit had been officially handed out for the invention of the form of bridging now used by our forces. It mentioned that many other inventors besides the one named had had a part in bridging development and that it was rather unsatisfactory that a Government department, merely by the issue of a "hand-out" should be able to give all the credit to one man selected by themselves.

Jet Problems

MUCH the same happened with jet propulsion. One man is given the whole credit as the inventor of jet propulsion for aircraft. That (few will deny it) is

the effect of the Government hand-outs. For all I know it may be true. But I have no means of testing if it is true or not.

Secrecy forbids that I should even see a jet-propulsion unit (other than those the enemy sends over our heads). I cannot fulfil my function of delving into the matter and trying to form an independent judgment on such facts as I can gather. It follows that when I say that so-and-so invented jet propulsion for aircraft, my statement is worthless.

I am deprived of my capacity to criticize, to weigh and to measure in a search for truth—which is the object of all journalists. I must accept the official statement or say nothing. My opinion is that this method is as unfair to those officially boosted as to those about whom no comment is made. It is as unfair to Group Captain Whittle as to the metallurgists and other inventors (if any there be) who have played a part in bringing jet propulsion for aircraft to the practical stage.

Goering

THE great news of Friday, July 21, about the beginning of the Nazi troubles, brought Goering to the microphone. He announced the part that the Luftwaffe would be called upon to play in suppressing the "revolt."

It is rather amazing to contrast these events with those of 1918. Then Goering was actively flying and he led a noted German squadron in a last desperate stand. That squadron fought well and many Royal Flying Corps men will testify to its determination. In that final battle for the bridges it came again and again against superior numbers and literally went down fighting.



F/Lt. Peter M. C. Hill, killed in action last month, was the son of Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, A.O.C. Air Defence of Great Britain. F/Lt. Hill died piloting a R.A.F. Baltimore light bomber in an attack on a target east of Rome. The mission was completed but the pilot lost his life

This time the German force does not appear to be preparing for so militarily commendable an exit. It has been behaving most curiously, leaving the German army on many occasions to look after itself; on other occasions coming up force to try and defend towns in the Reich against Allied bombers. There seems to be no rhyme or reason about its activities.

Perhaps by the time the notes appear we shall know how far the Luftwaffe is going to enter into the "revolt" rather more about what it is going to do in Normandy.

Speeds

IN the United States so interesting new speed records have been set lately. There was the London-Washington race and then details came in of the Los Angeles-New York record set up some little time ago by a couple of Mustangs.

One of them averaged 300 miles an hour for the 2,400 miles. It was flown by General Arnold's personal pilot, Colonel Peterson. But it is to be noted that this record was with a single-seat fighter, only clipped off 27 minutes from the time of the enormous Constellation. The aircraft held the previous record.

My inference is that the large transport aircraft tuned for the job can put up very high speeds on the long distances. I would say that as the distance increases, so the speed difference between the large and the small machine decreases. In other words, the small fighter will utterly outspeed the large aircraft on 100 miles; but as the distance rises much beyond one or two thousand miles, the gap narrows.

If that inference is correct it means that it will be possible to work to fast schedules on the very long distance routes of the future.

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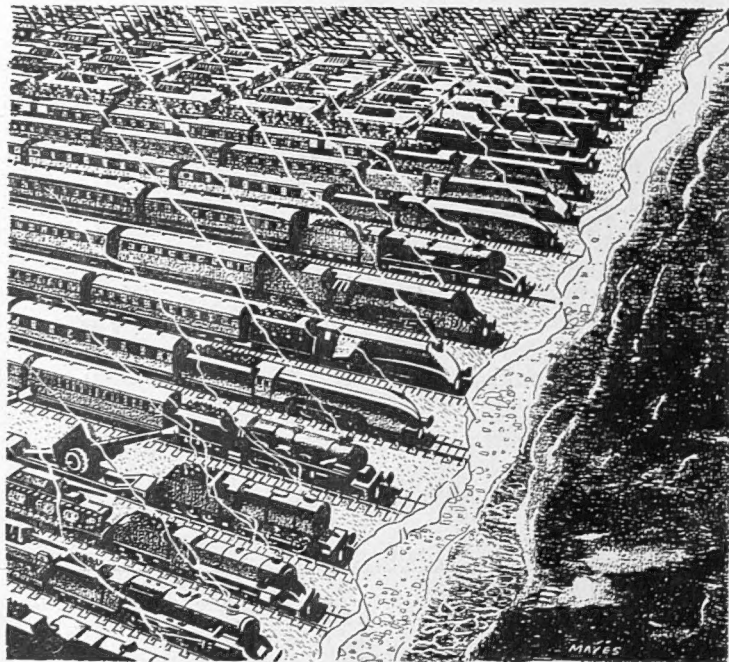


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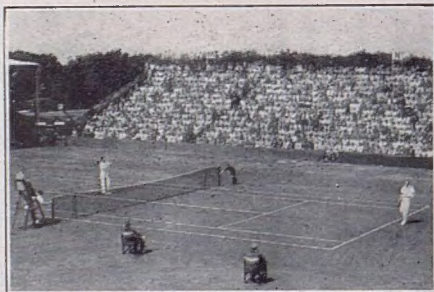


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